

The Tangled Web

By Ethel Watts-Mumford Grant

Author of "Dupes," "Whitewash," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Dr. Boyd Wendham, just back from Europe, and Mrs. Kate Lawdon, arrive for a visit at Evelyn Grange, on Long Island, home of Cass Evelyn and his wife. The visitors are: Mrs. Lawdon, husband of Kate; Alice Rawlins, a witty, dashing, assertive young woman of excellent common sense; Mrs. Nellie Gaynor, an attractive young widow with hypnotic power who accounts for her money and jewels by explaining that she conducts a racing stable left by her husband; Adele, Mrs. Gaynor's maid.

Mrs. Lawdon, a patroness of the law, has brought with her jewels of great value. Wendham had loved Mrs. Gaynor before he went to Europe. He hands her a foreign stamped letter that had been delivered at another house, the Mortimer's, where she had previously been stopping, and from which he had just come. There is some mystery about this foreign correspondent, who in the end proves to have been a Mrs. Wimbleton, much noted in Europe as a teacher of hypnotism.

CHAPTER II.—The guests discuss Mrs. Lawdon's jewels and arrange to take in the races next day. Mr. Gaynor doesn't look well, and Dr. Wendham, who still loves her, advises her to moderation in her strenuous life.

CHAPTER III.—Mrs. Lawdon in her own room exhibits her jewels to Mrs. Gaynor, Miss Rawlins and Mrs. Evelyn. No one else is believed to have seen the exhibit.

CHAPTER IV.—Dr. Wendham discloses that his special study while in Europe was hypnotism, which fact somewhat frightens Mrs. Gaynor. Noting Mrs. G's weariness he advises her to retire to her room.

CHAPTER V.—Mrs. Lawdon hysterically announces to the guests in the parlor the theft of her jewels and demands no one shall leave the house. The servants and house searched, but to no avail.

CHAPTER VI.—John Dawson, second among the serving men, accuses Adele, Mrs. Gaynor's maid, of the theft of the jewels and demands she should share the proceeds with him. Adele makes strenuous denial. Her distress succumbs to Dr. Wendham's ministrations.

CHAPTER VII.—Evelyn and Wendham summon John Dawson to their presence and he declares he saw Adele leave Mrs. Lawdon's room just before announcement of the robbery.

CHAPTER VIII.

In his own room once more Wendham returned to the open casement. Already the miracle of dawn had become the miracle of day. The distant reaches of the plains no longer unfolded roll upon roll of gossamer—blue, opal, and rose. Over the newly illuminated earth a cloud of tinsel seemed to float, brilliantly outlining each fall and rise of the rolling plain with an edge of keenest crystal. The air seemed suddenly purified, sterilized of the dreams of night, new-breathed from the realms of the upper ether. Wendham drew long breaths of the elixir, refreshing body and mind for the day's struggle. For the present he felt things must take their course. The terrible suspicion that beset his heart must be verified, but sanely, calmly, for the best result, above all for the safety of the one woman. What to him was Mrs. Lawdon clamoring for the insignia of her vanity? Deep within himself he gave thanks for his old conviction—"crime is disease, and somewhere in the realm of science lies the cure." But had the enemy made inroads so far that conscience was dead? Would one woman sacrifice the other? Suppose the net of evidence drew too close about her?

He shuddered, but his royal spirit rose to the hazard. Some operations offend every aesthetic sense. Must the physician fail in his sympathy and attention? He was startled to discover how he had accepted the suggestion of his thought. That was beyond reason. He would consider how slight was the foundation upon which his imagination had reared his conviction—it was a deduction that he must verify before he might consider it anything but the shadow of conjecture. He scored himself roundly for his readiness to accept such a damnable solution of the problem. He must be wise, quick of thought, slow of action, and his time, his strength, the knowledge that had borne him to such strange deductions, all things must become subservient to her necessities—but—he must know.

In the gun room Mrs. Lawdon, her husband, and their host were gathered in close formation about Collins, the local police potentate. By the fireplace two detectives from the city lounged, overobviously at ease. "Do you wish to swear out a warrant against this girl?" inquired Collins as Mrs. Lawdon savagely announced her suspicions.

"Of course not," interposed her husband. "We have no evidence except what your man John reported to you, Mr. Evelyn. It is not sufficient."

"Beg your pardon," interrupted the sheriff; "it is good and plenty. It allows you to hold her for further investigation."

Mr. Evelyn interposed mildly. "I am responsible that no one leaves." "Excuse me," the thin, soft voice of Leavison, the younger detective, asserted itself. "But don't you think it might be well to face your man with the young woman?"

"Of course!" cried Mrs. Lawdon excitedly. "Why didn't we think of it before? Send for them at once."

Evelyn pressed the electric button.

"Alfred, have Mrs. Gaynor's maid brought here. Ask Dr. Wendham to

attend her. I fear hysterics and fainting fits," he added, as Mrs. Lawdon's face expressed unqualified disapproval. "And, Alfred, I want John at once. Now," he turned to Collins, who vacantly shifted official blanks from one hand to the other, "have you any theory?"

Collins h-m-m-d heavily. "Well, sir, I couldn't say. With such a houseful there's always a dozen chances. You know 'tain't always what seems the most likely one that pulls off the melon—the ones that look likely, like as not a're innocent as new-laid eggs."

Mr. Evelyn smiled, and Mrs. Lawdon turned with open scorn to the two plain-clothes men. "Haven't you any opinion?" she demanded belligerently.

"Not yet, ma'am," said Leavison slowly, his quick, sneaking eyes taking in every detail of the lady's person.

Mrs. Lawdon shrugged her shoulders and greeted Dr. Wendham's entrance frigidly.

Mr. Evelyn rose to meet his guest. "Dr. Wendham, this is Mr. Collins, our local sheriff. Mr. Leavison and Mr. Grayson are detectives sent up from the city. They have decided it would be wise to confront the girl with my servant."

"Yes, I see," acquiesced Wendham. "And in case of physical distress you wish me to be present."

A tap at the door, and Mrs. Gaynor, white and haggard, appeared, followed by Adele. Wendham rose.

"Mrs. Gaynor, I beg of you return to your room. You are in no condition to endure this. I protest, as a physician—he had turned to the others with barely repressed vehemence.

Evelyn crossed to Mrs. Gaynor's side. "Now, Nellie, go back, I promise you the girl will be dealt with as gently as possible. Mr. Collins, this is Mrs. Gaynor, this young woman's employer. She has not recovered from the shock of last evening. Can we not spare her these interviews, and take her testimony later?"

"Why, certainly, Mrs. Gaynor, of course"—overcome by the strange pallid beauty of the woman before him, the sheriff lost himself amid compliments and excuses.

Mrs. Gaynor bowed. "You will take care of her, doctor?" she asked anxiously. "If she should faint—bring her to me. I will rest—in the drawing-room, to be at hand if you call. Don't be frightened, Adele," she added; "we must help all we can to clear matters up." Again with a distant bow that comprehended the group she turned and left the room.

The maid, calm now and courageous, faced her inquisitors. Wendham observed her with strained attention. "The imaginative, concentrated type in its purest form," he commented inwardly. "Unusual resource and vitality combined with great devotion. If—if it is true, no better tool could have been chosen. With her conscious self in abeyance, one might allow her subconscious mind to deal with a situation by its own judgment. With the suggestion, 'this and that are your dangers, be prepared to meet them,'—one might rely on that mind as a staunch and gifted ally—but, no, it's ridiculous!" He shook himself free from his thoughts, and fixed attention upon the girl's story. It was the same; no contradictions, no wavering. She carried conviction even to the unwilling ears of Mrs. Lawdon.

Collins sniffed and glanced a question to the detectives.

"Nothin' doin' there," said Leavison under his breath.

"You have all been over the ground, gentlemen," said Mr. Evelyn; "you have this girl's story. It remains for you to hear my servant, John Dawson's statement. Then it's up to you!"

Again he pressed the electric bell, but before his finger left the button a knock announced the butler.

"If you please, Mr. Evelyn, John has gone. We can't find him."

"Gone!" screamed Mrs. Lawdon.

"Gone!" gasped Mr. Evelyn.

"Gone!" groaned Charlie Lawdon.

"Gone! The devil!" exclaimed the sheriff.

The two detectives glanced at each other.

A light of comprehension and relief broke over the face of the accused. "Oh, gone!" Her cry was one of gladness. "Then—then he—"

"It looks like it," nodded Wendham.

Evelyn was the first to act. "Tell all you know, Freeman," he ordered sharply.

"Well, sir, according to orders, the girl here was notified, and word sent to Dr. Wendham. Then Alfred went to John's room in the servants' wing. John wasn't there, so Alfred goes below, and—we've searched the place, sir, and he can't be found."

"How could he have left the house without being seen?" questioned Grayson, becoming energetic now that the chase was fairly open.

"A dozen ways, sir. But how he'd get by the crowd of reporters out there is more'n I know."

"How was he dressed?" asked Leavison.

"In his store clothes, sir. His livery we found chucked in the closet, sir."

"Leavison," said his associate, "you take the inside—I'll beat it out—I'm a reporter myself now—see?" He rose, nodded to the butler to follow, and left the room.

Leavison took out a notebook and turned to Evelyn. "From whom or what agency did you engage this man?—Savell's? Good. What were his references? Oh, the housekeeper's business! Will you describe the man? Short, stocky, round head, blue eyes; clean shaven, of course. Any scars that you recall? No? Too bad—useful things, scars. Now, if I may have a talk with your butler when Grayson gets through with him, and see your housekeeper, I'll do a little telephoning into town and trace this chap. My side partner ought to get a line on him inside of an hour or two. He can't have gone far, and the great American press has this house rounded up for fair—if you'll excuse me." He shut his notebook and slipped on noiseless feet to the door. There he turned.

"Won't do," he admonished, "to relax discipline. You can't tell, you know."

"May I go?" asked Adele faintly. "Yes, my girl," Collins answered with a show of importance; "but you're not to leave the house. And Mr. Evelyn, before these flatties have the wire stuffed, I'd like to 'phone a bit; the railroad station and such needs watching."

CHAPTER IX.

Wendham nodded to Adele. "If you will come with me," he said courteously, "we will find Mrs. Gaynor, and I will give you some instructions. She will need your assistance."

The woman's face brightened. "You can rely on me, doctor—and, thank you."

Mrs. Lawdon did not raise her head, but Charlie advanced, his honest face aglow with kindness. "I'm awfully sorry if you've felt badly," he stammered, "but I hope you understand—it couldn't be helped, you know."

Tears stood in the girl's eyes. "No, sir—but I truly didn't, sir—" Her words were checked as the doctor's strong arm led her gently away.

"Listen," he spoke imperatively when they had entered the empty passage. "Mrs. Gaynor must rest—rest, do you understand? Give her plenty of fresh air, and keep her well covered. But it's sleep and rest, rest and sleep." He spoke in a low, steady voice, never raised above its first quiet pitch. "Sleep and rest, she would say that to you—she is saying that—she wants me to tell you to sleep and rest—sleep!" he insisted. Her whole weight fell upon his arm. In the white light of the corridor he turned and sought her eyes. They clung to his as to a magnet. "Are you sleepy? Answer me."

"Yes."

"Would you like to sleep?"

"Yes."

"But you must not." He spoke sharply, shaking her slightly and passing a soothing hand over her face. "You can't sleep now. You must take care of your mistress."

"Yes, sir," she answered, all trace of drowsiness gone from face and manner.

"What is the meaning of this?" Wendham puzzled. "She's not the culprit evidently, but she has been a hypnotic subject a thousand times. I'm a brute!" he exclaimed to himself. "Anyone might have seen me—Nellie might have surprised us. Whatever lies at the bottom of this, she must have no more emotions now. I'm a fool to take such chances. Wait here," he ordered. Rapidly traversing the intervening rooms, he reached the small reception den where Mrs. Gaynor waited.

She opened her tired eyes. "How did she stand it?" she asked anxiously.

"Her accuser wouldn't face her."

"What!" A look of incredulity crossed her face and it was followed by an amazed expression of relief.

"Yes," he continued, "John has decamped."

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "But what—what do you think?"

"There seems only one thing to think for the present, anyway. But, come, I have given your maid instructions. She's to see you safe in bed, and if you fail to rest, she is to send for me."

"Oh," she assured him brightly, the color rising to her waxen cheeks. "I shall sleep—to-night at least. Where is Adele?"

Struggling with a dozen conjectures, but with his love fixed beyond the power of any hostile conviction, he followed her to the foot of the stairs, and smiled a farewell as mistress and maid mounted together. Then he turned and paced the wide hall like a caged animal. That the woman was, and had been for years, under recurrent hypnotic control there was no doubt, but in the face of the manservant's disappearance, why connect that with the robbery? A scientific interest and continual experiment were certainly permissible. Perhaps it was a kindly effort to ease the pain from which the woman suffered. Yes, that must be the reason. But had the operator sufficient medical knowledge and experience to make research safe for the subject? The subject should be a willing, intelligent assistant. This



"OH, CHARLIE!" SHE WAILED. "THEY'RE GONE—ALL GONE."

girl was obviously innocent of all complicity in the experiment. In whatever way the control had been gained, it was through some natural excuse, leaving the girl absolutely unsuspecting of her own condition. Her life had been divided into complete and unrealized duality—an end that could have been obtained only by the suggestion of forgetfulness prior to each awakening. Should he go to Nellie Gaynor when her strength should have returned, and ask her the answer to the riddle that confronted him? Perhaps. But for the present silence was preemptory.

"Look at that!" exclaimed Alice, as she held a newspaper at arm's length and indicated its glaring headline with a tragic-comic finger. "What did I tell you? There you are, my dear hostess, in a costume of the vintage of 1840, at least. I hadn't an idea you were alive when they wore those tall hats and bustles. Dear me! Never saw one out of the family album. Tell me, were you a dab at archery?" The whole forty-eight hours of excitement and anxiety that had elapsed since the robbery had failed to ruffle Mrs. Evelyn's equanimity, but now she was roused to anger.

"It's perfectly disgraceful!" she gasped. "It ought not to be allowed!"

"Oh, look at the bangs!" jeered Alice. "Dr. Wendham, do you suppose she took ether when she had them removed? And look at me! It's the snap that Barney took at Hempstead. But wait! Stop! Look! Later! Unfold the page and gaze! We fade into insignificance before the blaze of the Lawdon as she appeared when rivaling the Opera House chandelier."

"LIST OF STOLEN ARTICLES."

"Now, we'll really know, of course."

"Diamond tiara, valued at . . . \$25,000

Sapphire set, valued at . . . 20,000

Ruby and diamond pendant, valued at . . . 30,000

Pearl and diamond collar, valued at . . . 18,000

Diamond and pearl ring, valued at . . . 3,000

Emerald necklace, valued at 60,000

"She's going strong!"

Brown and yellow diamond ring . . . 5,000

Brown, pear-shaped pearl earrings . . . 5,000

Emerald and diamond dinner ring . . . 2,000

Diamond bow knot . . . 5,000

"Now, if that doesn't incite the starving East Side to riot it won't be the fault of the editorial writer and the police misinformation bureau. When the Lawdon reads that she'll forgive John for lifting her twinkles. She couldn't have had it better done if she'd been a prima donna with an expensive press agent."

Wendham turned from the window, his hands deep in his pockets. "Ever run down?" he inquired.

Alice laughed. "Are you asking as clock maker, a physician, or a foxhound?" She sobered suddenly, threw the paper upon the center table and leaned back with her feet crossed and her hands in her pockets. "But I'll tell you who is run down for sure—it's poor Nellie. I stepped into her room before I came down. She's done. Looks to me as if she was in for a good, big attack of something. Adele was putting compresses on her head."

CHAPTER X.

Wendham crossed the room quickly, intercepting a passing servant. "Ask if I may see Mrs. Gaynor." He turned, addressing himself to Mrs. Evelyn. "Who is Mrs. Gaynor's physician?" he asked. "I consider her case critical. If you would ask her, we might send for him—physicians' etiquette, you know."

Mrs. Evelyn opened wide blue eyes. "Dear me! don't you know that Nellie thinks she is all sorts of a doctor herself? She never calls anyone in. No, indeed! She prescribes a little strychnine if she doesn't eat, and a little chloral if she doesn't sleep—and there you are."

"And there you're likely to be not!" exclaimed Alice. "You don't mean to say—" Dr. Wendham was gone. "I don't wonder he was upset," continued Alice. "I'm glad you tipped him off."

Mrs. Evelyn took up the paper. "I suppose you heard, Alice, what they found out about John?" She had recovered her tone of aloofness.

"No," said Alice, "I didn't."

"It's too bad," the hostess remarked. "I do hate to lose a housekeeper."

Alice rose with a bound. "What, has John stolen, Mrs. Creeks? John's a hero!"

"No," answered Mrs. Evelyn with complete literalness; "no, he didn't do that. But she didn't investigate his references properly. It seems that the man has been in jail and had forged letters; recommendations from people traveling on the Trans-Siberian roads or something, and somebody who had been Consul somewhere. Creeks liked the tone and the stationery, and took a chance. I wish Mrs. Lawdon would go away," she continued. "It annoys me to see her around. She examines me as if she expected me to appear in her lost diamonds—little yellow cat!"

A nervous step drew their attention abruptly. Evelyn entered.

"Where's Wendham?" he inquired abruptly.

Alice nodded toward the stairs. "Gone to prescribe for Mrs. Gaynor, I fancy."

"Um!" he growled impatiently. "I want to see him. Confound this business!" he broke out; "it's got more turns to it than a—the Briar-cliff course!"

"Yes," said his wife, going to him paper in hand. "Have you seen this?"

"That and a dozen more," he snapped. "I'm sick of the sight of the whole outfit. And as for the Lawdons—that woman's a skirling harpy!"

Alice jumped. "Skirling harpy! Thanks, dear old man, one thousand times! Banzai! I couldn't think what I wanted to say; but you have it—skirling harpy! Far be it from me to engage in a tilt of words with one so gifted—oh! 'skirling harpy!'"

"If you're through with that," exclaimed Evelyn with unwonted harshness, "run up to Nellie's room and ask Wendham to join me as soon as he can."

"No sooner said than done," called Alice as she disappeared. A moment later she returned, followed by the physician.

"Case," he said quickly before that gentleman could open his mouth, "send some one out for this—and this, immediately." He signed the slips with his fountain pen. "I find her condition most unsatisfactory," he added; "there is every symptom of brain fever. Now, Mrs. Evelyn, with your permission, I will telephone for a nurse."

"Is Nellie so very ill?" asked Evelyn, startled from his own concerns.

"Very, I'm afraid."

A very silent and troubled group watched him hurrying down the corridor. Mrs. Evelyn was the first to break their tangled thoughts.

"There, now. That Lawdon woman has made Nellie ill. My dear, I'll never ask anyone to oblige anyone in order to be considerate of anyone again. It's perfectly ridiculous! Alice, let's go upstairs and see if Adele needs help, or if we can arrange matters more comfortably."

The two ladies withdrew, leaving Evelyn alone in the cheerful morning room. He paced the floor nervously. His brow was knitted, his hands clenched. Life had become far too strenuous to suit his placid nature.

A moment later Wendham entered.

"She's coming—the nurse, I mean. Old man, it's serious, and I want your permission to take charge."

"You have it," said Evelyn promptly. "What you say goes."

"Mrs. Gaynor must not see anyone except the nurse, her maid, and myself under any circumstances."

"Oh," said Evelyn, "and Polly and Adele have just gone to her."

Wendham made a gesture of impatience. "She's sleeping—they'll have sense enough not to wake her. Now, you wanted me. Is there any further trouble?"

Evelyn's face was puzzled. "I don't know what you'd call it. I've just had an interview with Dawson."

"They've caught him?"

"No," said Evelyn; "he came back and gave himself up to me. No one else knows he's here, except the gardener's wife, who's a sort of cousin of his. She came this morning and told me that some one wished to speak with me privately at the cottage. Of course, I thought of the detectives, and went. He was there. You could have floored me with a straw. The upshot of the whole matter is this. The fellow says he faked and ran away because he was sure his past would find him out and he'd be taken on circumstantial evidence. Swears he had nothing whatever to do with the robbery, and sticks to it that he did see Adele near the Lawdons' door. He says he was tempted to hold her up and make her divide the spoils, but when he saw her stand it down he got frightened and ran for it. He owns he's been a scamp, but swears he forged those recommendations only in order to get a new start, and with every intention of keeping straight once he was established in the way of making his living—and, Wendham, I believe him. I can't help it. Now, I don't know where we are. The man has thrown himself on my mercy. There's the circumstantial evidence, and that Lawdon woman hot for blood; but on the other hand, there's Nellie ill, and she's taken the accusation against Adele to heart—so well—I'll be hanged, Boyd, if I know what move I ought to make."

Wendham thought quickly. With the clew of the valet's disappearance removed, the trail led back

again to Adele—and then—he shuddered. At any rate he must have full knowledge in order to protect the woman he loved from danger direct or indirect. "See here," he spoke sharply, "I've an idea I can get the truth out of Adele if anyone can. As a doctor I've had a varied experience. Now, before you tell anybody about Dawson, before you make any move at all, let me have an interview with her alone, there in your private office. I'll do it now, and you keep watch for me, for I positively must not be interrupted. Is it a go?"

Evelyn almost smiled, so relieved was he that anyone would assume the responsibility of action.

"Go on, Boyd—you're a brick. I'm—I'm everlastingly obliged to you!"

"I'll bring her here," said Wendham; "and if you'll have the kindness to stay in the drawing-room, you can see that no one comes in. I'll go for her."

Evelyn settled himself in an easy chair in the drawing-room, whence he could see the entrance to the gun room, the main staircase and hall, and the farther entrance to the breakfast room. The house was as quiet as if deserted.

(To Be Continued.)

BRAZIL SUPPLIES WORLD WITH A MEDICINE

It is Chrysarobin, Used for Skin Diseases and is Dangerous to Handle

Bahia, Brazil.—The world's supply of araroba, or goa, powder is said to come entirely from the state of Bahia. It contains the substance known as chrysarobin, widely used in medicine in the treatment especially of parasitic skin diseases.

The product is found in the form of a pulp or small solid masses in crevices of the heart wood of the tree known as "amargosa do matto" and is said to be a morbid growth. The trees are not cultivated. They are from 80 to 100 feet high, and often attain a diameter of more than three feet.

To extract the powder the trees which must have attained full growth and development, are felled and split open in order to reach the deposits of araroba at their center. There is always present a very caustic liquid, which is drained off. The damp pulp and lumps of araroba are then removed, dried and finally powdered.

The pulp yields about 50 per cent of chrysarobin. It occurs in a micro-crystalline, odorless, tasteless powder, very slightly soluble in either water or alcohol. Chrysarobin gradually oxidizes to chrysophanic acid and glucose, and it is in the form of this acid that the drug is generally used. It is administered in the treatment of eczema, psoriasis, and in ringworm and other similar maladies. The yield per tree may be as high as 60 or 65 pounds.

The powder is exceedingly dangerous to handle, for if it enters the eyes it causes blindness, and burns from the caustic liquid produce sores that may incapacitate a person for a long period. Those engaged in the work for any length of time, although protected by gloves and masks with glass eye pieces, invariably lose their hair, eyebrows and eyelashes, and sometimes even become blind.

PUTTING ATUO TOGETHER

NEW VAUDEVILLE STUNT

Team Performing in New York Makes Record of 1 Minute and 22 Seconds

Assembling an auto with a stop watch is the latest vaudeville act. It is also the busiest act on the stage, says a New York paper. As it is staged, two machines are lying around loose—wheels, tops, mudguards, lanterns and all the rest—just as if a collision had occurred; only the chassis and engine of each car are intact and mounted on props.

The two crews take their places and at a signal begin to build their machines. Monkey wrenches, screwdrivers, hammers and all the rest of the tools in the kit are out and in motion.

Joe Longfeather, who is a Shoshone Indian has trained his team to work on a system. The man with No. 3 monkey wrench never gets in the way of screwdriver No. 4.

Number 2, running around the end with a mudguard, dodges just in time to permit No. 5 to jump over the headlight and turn a screw on the hood.

Two of the championship team take just four breaths apiece during the contest. They are short breaths, for there's no time for a long one.

On a recent night a Jersey crew beat the champs just because the team on the spark plug was half a second late in getting the car in motion to run off the stage.

The best time thus far made in assembling a car is one minute and 22 seconds.

ARGENTINA HAS IRON FIELD

Rich Discovery Made in Sand Dunes Near the Coast

Iron has been discovered near Neocoches, in the southern part of the province of Buenos Aires, Argentina, in such quantities that government officials say a proper exploitation of the field will free the republic from dependence on other countries for its iron supply.

The iron was found along the coast in the sand dunes that extend from the south of Patagonia to Cape San Antonio.

This is the same region in which petroleum indications were found recently and concessions have been asked for the working of both iron and oil fields.